

Good Morning 437

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Bank Day was Letter Day, P.O. Arthur Magee

LAST Bank Holiday was a lucky day for three serving men, because three young wives, forgot about the housework, and sat down to write very long letters to their husbands. You, Petty Officer Arthur Magee, were one of the lucky husbands, and your brothers-in-law were the other lucky men.

After being nearly shaken out of the car, trying to get up the hill to your home, 9, Long Acre, Whitworth, Rochdale, we eventually arrived at the front door to find ourselves being watched cautiously, by four happy little figures, sitting on the doorstep. Both your nephews and your nieces were looking after your wife for you!

We went in to see your wife, and found that she and both her sisters, were doing a spot of pen pushing.

Alma sent her love to you Arthur, and says that she hopes you will manage to get home for the happy event. Yesterday, she and her sisters took all the kiddies paddling, she says you will remember the spot, over the moors.

It was a shame "Good Morning" didn't know anything about it, because we're sure that a picture of the incident would have caused you a few smiles.

As we sat talking to your wife, Shirley and Pat, the pair of them now two years old, were involved in a tip-top cat fight, going for each other tooth and nail. But, after about five minutes, they parted quite amiably and even went as far as kissing each other—"Until next time," as Alma put it. She says the kiddies are growing up very quickly and seem to find new pranks every day.

Baby Pat has taken to the hens from the farm at the end of the road, and whenever she is missing, her Mother just takes a little walk to the farm yard, and sure enough, there is Pat having the time of her life with her "Chick-chicks."

We had a spot of bother finding the boys for the photograph, but they turned up, just in time and our photographer got busy. And all's well, Arthur. Good Hunting!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE sensation of 1944 at Ascot was the sight of a bus conductorette and a pretty armaments girl studying their programme in the Royal Enclosure.

That's Ascot as I think it should be—and maybe it's a return to Ascot as it used to be.

I dare say that most people to-day have forgotten the Ascot of the past, and fancy it has been fashionable since the beginning of time. In reality, Society has only made it a "playground" during the present century.

At the first Ascot meetings I attended there were boxing booths and stalls in the true racing tradition. Yet the proceedings were not without their pageantry.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays there was always a procession of the Royal Staghounds down the course, headed by the Master of the Horse, and the huntmen in their purple liveries made a colourful sight. When this was discontinued, racing lost something good and fine.

These, of course, were the days of Robert the Devil, that extraordinary horse who won practically every big race for three years.

Then another horse, named, I believe, Laureate II, defied everybody by winning the Hunt Cup when they laid odds of £20,000 to £100. Then there was the case of Jim Adams, who feared his horse, Satyr, would be affected by bad forelegs, but the animal romped home, although experts before the race had pronounced it a cripple.

There was another exciting scene when a French horse carried off the Gold Cup after taking the Gold Vase, and when Prince Pallatine won the Gold Cup for the second time. White Knight also performed this feat way back in 1908—but on that occasion there was no Gold Cup to be given.

GOLD CUP SCANDAL.

The Gold Cup Day that year was one of scandals, if you like. White Knight actually did heated with Eider, a French horse, but somebody put in a protest of bumping and boring against the Frenchie, and though many people entirely disagreed with the verdict, the horse was disqualified.

I had backed Eider, and so may not be fit to judge, but I have always thought the responsible officials erred on that occasion.

Anyway, there was soon a fresh sensation to help unlucky punters to forget.

Which reminds me of the man who gave people something to talk about by going mad in the Royal Enclosure. Apart from shouting something seditious, he became pugilistic, and they had to take him away. Poor fellow, those hats would madden anyone!

The Gold Cup vanished. No one saw it go, and no one ever found it.

We had hardly got over that when everyone made a rush for the rails.

A would-be welsher had been ragged by the crowd, stripped, and considerably knocked about, and a knot of policemen were marching the practically naked man across the course—in front of the Royal Box.

THE FARMER'S FLAG. Then there was the thrill in 1913 when a Canadian farmer, apparently endeavouring to emulate the Suffragette who had run out in front of the King's horse at the Derby a few days previously—dashed in front of the horses during the Gold Cup race, waving a flag.

Two jockeys, Whalley and Tracey, were brought down, amid a tremendous groan from the multitude. One suffered a fracture and the other went into hospital with concussion, but, as if by a miracle, the cause of it all was uninjured.

Lord Rosslyn told me when he secured the Cup that it was certainly not worth half of the thousand pounds that its

intrinsic value is supposed to be. Tales of the races, however, would fill a book . . . for even the small events can remain in the memory.

That incident, for instance, when Filbert, Lord Exeter's outsider, was entered for a small event and there was a field of only four.

If ever a horse won a race by good luck, Filbert did on that occasion. No sooner had the cry of "They're off!" gone up than two of the horses began to fight and the jockeys found it impossible to control them.

The third horse took an interest in the proceedings, and so Filbert simply had to go ahead. It did so, netting something like £12,000 for its owner.

Leviathan Davies, the great bookmaker, had been gloomy about a black week. But this extraordinary freak of racing profited him by some £370,000!

And what of the astonishing Royal Hunt Cup event of 1932? Just before the start, the plain-clothes man guarding the Cup had the shock of his life when he heard a clatter from

the pedestal just behind, and, swinging round, found that the Cup had disappeared.

13-JEWELLED MASCOT.

He breathed again when he found it had merely been blown over on to the steps by a sudden gust of wind. Everyone was breathless, however, when the trophy was won by Totag, a 33-1 outsider ridden by an Australian jockey who had never before had a mount in this country!

The only calm man was the jockey himself. He told me he had been anticipating the win ever since he met Carslake, the noted jockey, in India.

"But why?" I asked. "He gave me this," was the reply—and out of his pocket he took a jewelled mascot arranged to form the figure "13."

Atlas for superstition! I remember a bookie showing me a similar mascot on the disastrous Hunt Cup Day in 1930, when a cloudburst piled up four feet of water in the paddock and £50,000 worth of damage was done.

The bookie, poor fellow, was killed by lightning in Tattersall's ring!



There were Roses round door A.B. Tom Griffiths

THE roses were in full bloom around the door at your home in 14, Sproat-avenue, Darlaston, Staffs. Able Seaman Tom Griffiths—and here's a happy picture of your mother cutting a few to decorate the living room table.

Your home shines as brilliantly as ever, Tom. The house simply radiates your Mum's personality, and Dad's artistry is to be found in every corner of the garden.

It was a sunny morning when we called in on the folk, and the setting was perfect. The garden was beautiful, and there wasn't a weed to be seen. Dad

must have been working hard to achieve this—but he's a glutton for work, as you know.

Not satisfied with lavishing his attentions on your garden, he'd gone off for the morning to do a spot of work in your sister Evelyn's garden, across at Sandwell-avenue.

Your Mum had been up early that morning—it was cleaning and shopping day—and although it was only 10.30 a.m., she'd done the housework, and was all set to go ration-hunting,

which is some job these days, believe us!

Lizzie, the pussy, has given birth to her first litter of kittens. They are three bundles of mischief but Lizzie lies back quite contentedly in her box in the shed, and plays the role of a lady of leisure.

Sam Eli's wrote to ask your Mum if he could come and stay the weekend, but although she said "Yes" (naturally) Sam hadn't turned up, so Mum is wondering why. Both Linda and John send their love.



OVER DARKEST AFRICA

THE air was pure and the wind moderate; the Victoria mounted almost perpendicularly to a height of 1,500 feet.

At that elevation, a more decided current carried the balloon towards the south-west. Then a magnificent spectacle spread itself out before the eyes of the travellers. They could see the whole island of Zanzibar, looking like a vast planisphere of a dark colour.

The fields looked like a patchwork of different colours. Thick bunches of trees indicated the woods and shrubberies. The inhabitants of the islands looked like tiny insects. The hurrahs and the cries died away little by little in the atmosphere, and the firing of the cannon alone vibrated in the inferior concavity of the balloon. "Well, that is beautiful!" cried Joe, breaking the silence for the first time.

He obtained no answer. The doctor was occupied with noticing the barometrical variations, and taking note of the different details of his ascent.



Kennedy was looking to see, and had not eyes enough for all there was to see. As the rays of the sun helped the gaspise, the tension of the gas augmented.

The Victoria reached a height of 2,500 feet. The "Resolute" looked like a simple fishing bark, and the African coast appeared in the west to be an immense edge of foam.

"You do not speak?" said Joe. "We are looking," replied the doctor, directing his glass towards the continent.

"As for me, I must speak." "As you like, Joe; speak as much as it pleases you." Joe broke into exclamations.

WANGLING WORDS—376

1. Put a quadruped in DEL and get a bird.
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Fo fo dan mose mose kail churlese relaxdean.
3. Mix BURNIT, add O, and get a brewing centre.
4. Find the two hidden fruits in: Love me little, love me long, sang Rapello to his lute.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 375

1. CarmINE.
2. Ole man river, he just keeps rolling.
3. TR-I-PE.
4. S-word, G-un.

JANE



Whilst they crossed the sea the doctor thought it better to keep at that elevation. He could see a greater extent of coast; he kept the thermometer and barometer hung in the interior of the tent,

FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON

By JULES VERNE - - Part V

where he could see them; a second barometer was placed outside to be used during the watches of the night.

In about two hours the Victoria driven along at a rate of more than eight miles an hour, approached the coast. The doctor resolved to get nearer the earth. He moderated the flame of the gas-pipe, and the balloon soon descended to within 300 feet of the ground.

He was then above the Mrima, a name given to that portion of the eastern coast of Africa; thick borders of mangroves protected its borders; it being low tide they could see their thick roots, nibbled by the teeth of the Indian Ocean. The lagoons, which formerly indicated the coast line, were spread out round the horizon, and Mount Nguru rose in the north-west.

The Victoria passed near a village, which the doctor, looking at his map, recognised as Kaole. All the assembled population howled with fear and anger.

Aerial Monster

Arrows were vainly directed against this monster of the air, which balanced itself majestically above all their powerless fury. The wind carried them south, but the doctor was not uneasy on that account, as it allowed him to follow the route traced by Burton and Speke, the famous African explorers.

Kennedy had become almost as loquacious as Joe; they vied with each other in admiring ejaculations.

"Coaches are nothing to it!" said the one.

"It makes one despise steamers!" said the other.

"I like it much better than railway travelling," said Kennedy, "for you rush through countries in a train without seeing them."

"Suppose we have our breakfast," said Joe, to whom the fresh air had given an appetite.

"That's a good idea, my boy."

"It won't be long, for there's no cooking to do; we can only have biscuit and preserved meat."

"And as much coffee as you like," put in the doctor.

"You may raise the heat of my gaspipe. It gives plenty and so we shall not be in danger of a conflagration."

"It would be a terrible one,"

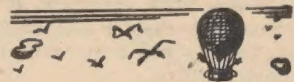
said Kennedy. "It is like having a powder magazine above us."

"Not exactly," answered Fergusson; "if we were to set fire to the gas, it would burn away by degrees, we should descend to the earth, and that would not be pleasant; but there is no danger, for the balloon is hermetically closed."

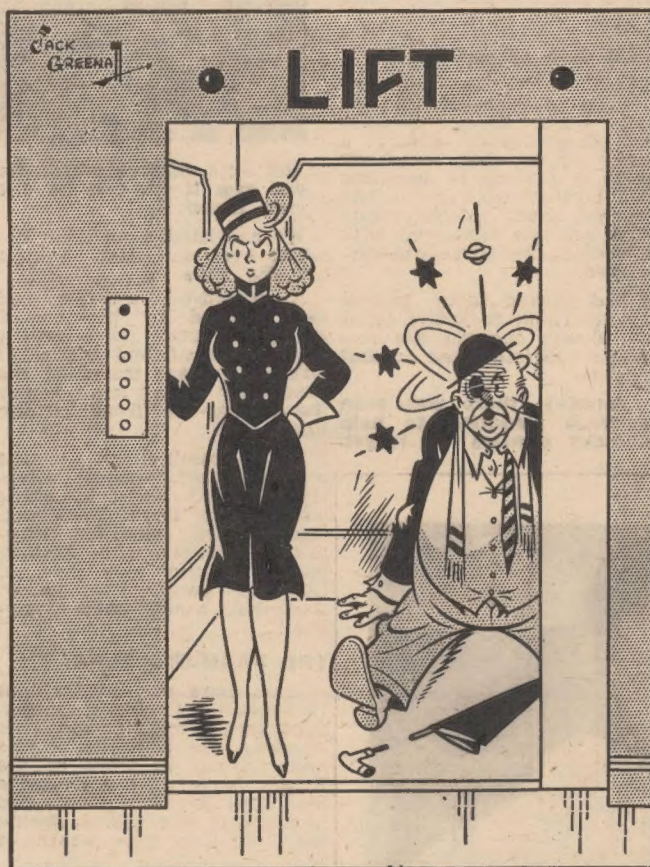
"We can eat in safety, then!" said Kennedy.

air, I don't mind giving you my recipe. It is an equal mixture of Mocha, Bourbon, and Rio-nunez."

A few minutes afterwards three smoking cups were poured out, and terminated a substantial breakfast, seasoned by the good humour of the companions; then each went back to his post of observation.



The country was distinguished by extreme fertility. Winding and narrow roads lay under verdant roofs; they passed over fields of tobacco, maize, and oats, in full maturity; here and there vast rice fields, with their straight stalks and purple flowers.



"SIXTH FLOOR! STICKING PLASTER, BANDAGES ETC. AND MEDICAL ADVICE — //

"It is ready, gentlemen," said Joe. "While I am eating, I will make you a cup of coffee worth having."

"The fact is," said the doctor, "Joe has a particular talent for making coffee; he prepares it from a peculiar mixture, which he keeps secret, even from me."

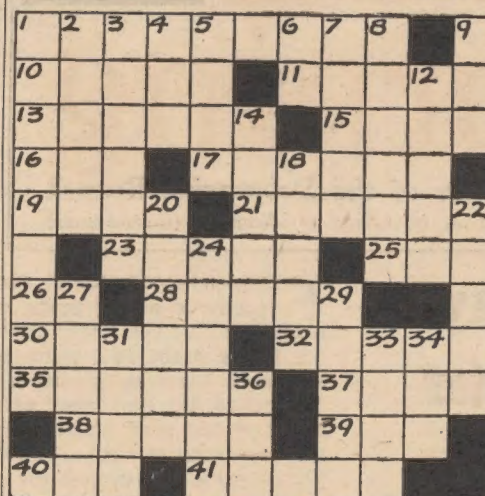
"Well, master, as we are in the

They saw sheep and coats shut up in large cages raised on piles to keep them from the wild beasts.

A luxuriant vegetation lay on the prodigal soil. As they passed the numerous villages the natives rushed out with cries of stupefaction at the sight of the Victoria, and Dr. Fergusson kept it pru-

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Flowered.



- 10 Bird.
- 11 Out up.
- 13 Of vinegar.
- 15 Proceeds.
- 16 Showy.
- 17 Strong.
- 19 Valley.
- 21 Order.
- 23 Ventured.
- 25 Throw.
- 26 Short thoroughfare.
- 28 One of the U.S.A.
- 30 Garment.
- 32 Extensive.
- 35 Heating places.
- 37 Sediment.
- 38 Ridge top.
- 39 Steeping tank.
- 40 Electrical unit.
- 41 Convention.

LAKE J. ADAM
ERE GAMBOGE
ABET MOANOE
PUPIL USE L
TENABLE PA
BUR TUT AIR
AS RESERVE
F CAR DAIRY
FRUGAL PARE
LOBELIA TOW
EYED D GETS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Boasters.
- 2 Of place.
- 3 Did as bid.
- 4 Perch.
- 5 Out.
- 6 Decoration.
- 7 Keen.
- 8 Idlers.
- 9 O. K.
- 12 Fodder plant.
- 14 MS volume.
- 18 Due to sea movements.
- 20 Innate.
- 22 Samples.
- 24 Apse.
- 27 Language.
- 29 Salute.
- 31 Standard.
- 33 Perused.
- 34 Procure.
- 36 Swelling.

dently out of reach of their arrows.

At noon the doctor, by consulting his map, found he was above the Uzramo country.

The ground was covered with cocoanut trees, papayers and cotton trees, above which the Victoria seemed to play. Kennedy perceived hares and quails at shooting distance, but he could not waste his powder upon them, seeing the impossibility of bagging the game. The balloons went at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and were soon above the village of Tounda in long. 38° 20'.

"That," said the doctor, "is where Burton and Speke were taken with violent fevers, and thought their expedition compromised, yet they were only at a short distance from the coast when fatigue and privation first overtook them."

A perpetual malaria reigns in this region; the doctor could only avoid its attacks by keeping his balloon above the miasma of the damp soil which the ardent sun drew from it.

Sometimes they perceived a caravan resting in a kraal whilst waiting for the cool of evening to continue its route. These kraals are vast places surrounded by hedges and jungles, where the traffickers shelter, not only against wild animals, but against the pillaging tribes of the country.

Kennedy wanted to see them nearer, but the doctor constantly opposed his design.

Bedding Down

"Shall we travel during the night?" asked the sportsman.

"Not unless we are obliged; we could do it by taking great precaution, but our object is not only to cross Africa, but to see it."

"Well, we can't complain much about the country yet, master," said Joe, "for it is as cultivated and fertile as heart could wish. Geographers don't seem to know much about it."

"Wait a bit, Joe; you'll see in time."

The Victoria was opposite Mount Duthumi at about half-past six in the evening; the doctor raised the temperature eighteen degrees, so that the balloon might rise to the height of 3,000 feet, which it was obliged to do in order to cross it.

It might be said that he guided the balloon with his hand; Kennedy indicated the objects to be surmounted, and the Victoria flew through the air, grazing the mountain sides. At eight o'clock they came down the other side, which was not so steep; the anchors were thrown out of the car, and one of them caught in the branches of an immense nopal tree.

Joe immediately glided down the cord, and fastened it solidly. The silk ladder was thrown to him, and he soon got in it again.

The evening meal was prepared, and the travellers did it justice.

It was decided that the night should be divided into three watches, in order that each person might take it in turn to mount guard over the safety of the two others. The doctor was to take the nine o'clock watch, Kennedy the twelve o'clock, and Joe the three a.m. Kennedy and Joe then lay down under their rugs and slept peacefully whilst Dr. Fergusson mounted guard.

(To be continued)

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

North American Indians, unable to pronounce the word "English," called the early settlers on America's eastern seaboard "Yenguees." This is the word "Yankee," and, strictly speaking, only New Englanders are Yankees.

The Honourable Artillery Company has the longest unbroken record of any British regiment. It was raised as the Fraternity or Guild of St. George in 1537, and the men practised in the fields round London with cross-bows, long-bows and hand-guns.

A crop of wheat five feet high has been grown in the garden of a house in Victoria Avenue, Wickford, Essex.

QUIZ for today

1. A quasimodo is a master of ceremonies, day in the Church calendar, Portuguese quartermaster, lizard, Spanish hostess?
2. What two English towns boast a "Piccadilly"?
3. Do (a) apples, (b) oranges, sink or float in fresh water?
4. Name one Book in the Old Testament and one in the New Testament beginning with A.
5. In what game are "togies" and "alley-tors" used?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Pasha, Pash, Posh, Pashm, Pasch.

Answers to Quiz in No. 436

1. Kind of pigeon.
2. Canary Islands.
3. 1,040 m.p.h.
4. (a) Floats, (b) sinks.
5. Bankok.
6. Monital.

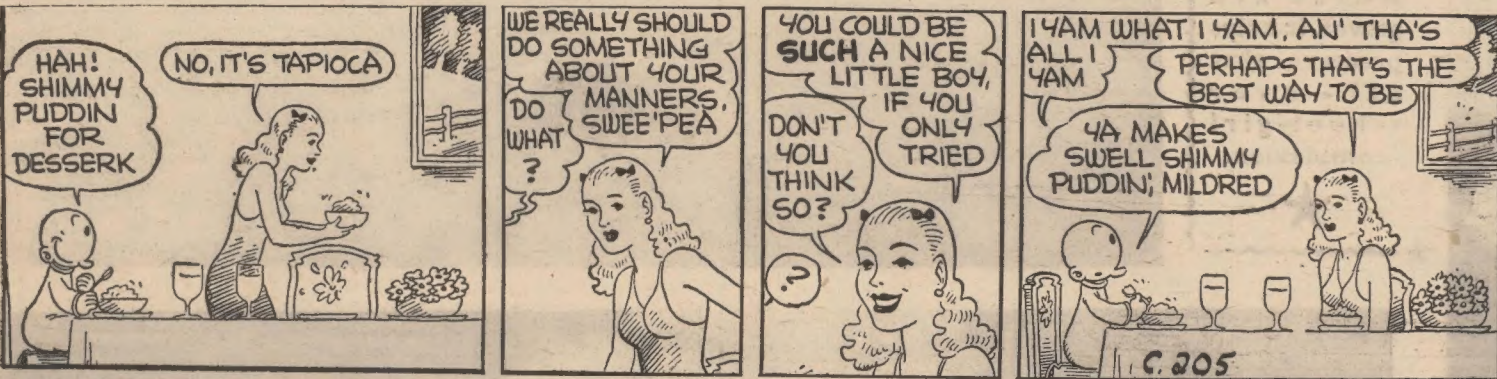
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



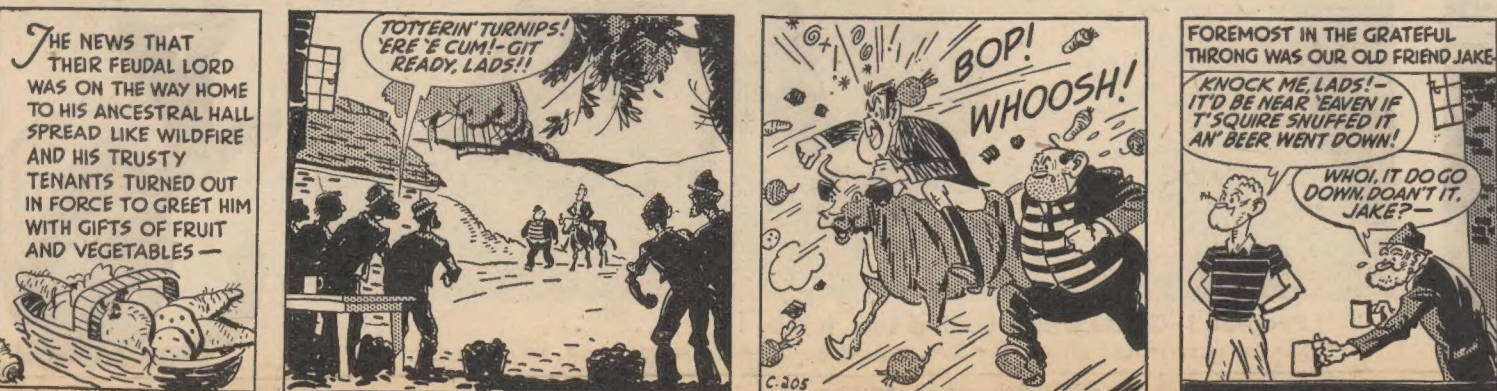
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

AUSTRALIA had prominence of space in Sunday's "Empire News." In Lady Kemsley's column, a weekly review of Empire events, the Commonwealth was reported to be in the throes of post-war plans that will make her one of the greatest material Powers.

She is a pivotal centre resembling that of the United Kingdom, but with such magnificent resources that the island continent is justified in assuming that, given the right kind of inhabitants, she will take an increasingly important place in world affairs.

Her development schemes, however, depend upon a vast increase in man-power, largely drawn from this country, and upon financial and industrial force springing from the Empire's resources.

The Australian Government already has announced that immigration plans should give preference to British peoples, while British industrialists are shaping plans to help in the construction era which Australians themselves have founded and strengthened in war.



MEANWHILE, in Australia itself, away from such big cities as Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth and Hobart, and the capital city of Canberra, new factory towns have been established.

These are to be the bases of new industrial cities of the future.

Down through the middle of Australia an arterial road has been built to serve the military arm, a road which in peace will be used for the marketing of cattle and agricultural produce. Australian railway construction, on which future prosperity hinges, has raised the train miles to 100,000,000 against 77,500,000 before the war.

An immense shipping development has taken place, and new ports have been opened.

Australia is the chief country to which British people look for settlement opportunities. Australia has spoken about millions of immigrants, and it has established committees to arrange for the influx.

Australia, one-third in the tropics and two-thirds in an ideal temperate zone, leads the world in wool with an annual output of £60,000,000; while her 400,000 agricultural workers feed 12,000,000 people. Ninety per cent. of her men and women over the age of 14 are engaged in military service or on war work.



THE history of one branch of the Allied war effort has already been written—in blood.

The autohistorians are Belgian journalists, who since the collapse of France have been getting the underground papers on the streets. The Belgian Ministry of Information has published a book, in which every word was written in Belgium and published in prohibited journals.

More than two hundred underground newspapers, written in French or Flemish, appear in Occupied Belgium. Those circulated in frontier districts are even written in German dialect. Of these publications, some are full-length reviews, giving reliably informed, up-to-date news. They have been known to reproduce photographs of war operations only a few days after their first publication in London. These papers have a wide circulation. The chief publication reaches the remarkably high figure of 50,000 every fortnight. They have no supplies of paper, lead or power; public conveyances are watched, lorries have disappeared, and so on.

Others, more modest in scope, are only circulated in certain districts. Some aim only at expressing the fighting spirit of some little group. They denounce the looting carried out by the occupation authorities; they blazon forth heroic resistance. They keep an oppressed nation in touch with the Allied war effort and with the war effort of their Government; they are as impressive and as moving as a last will and testament.

You will find yourself reading the chapters with the same fervour as that with which they were written.



I WAS once accused of being a sob-sister. What exactly is that, anyway? A colleague guesses it must be a gal who sits on a boy's lap and bawls and makes it hard for him.

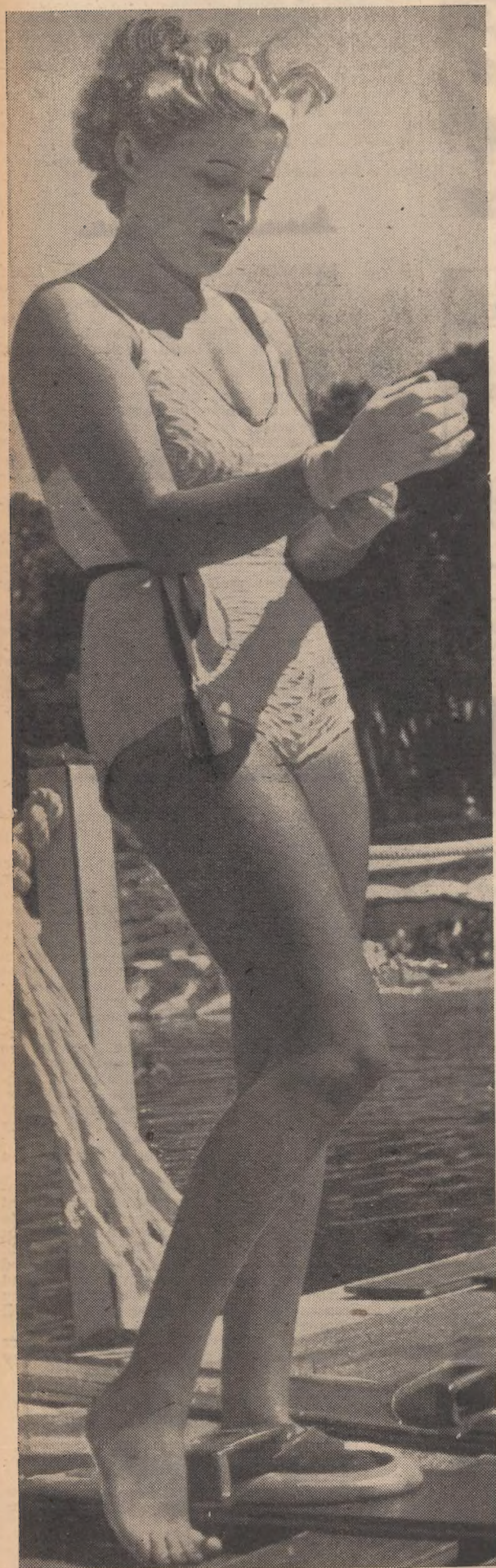
Ron Richards

Good Morning

TOP VIEW OF A MEXICAN CHIHUAHUA



He's one of the world's most valuable dogs, costing £25 an ounce.



★
★
Now, here you have something fancy. Everytime you go for a dip, pull on your white kid gloves. It helps preserve that all-over school-girl complexion.
★
★



This England

Time has not changed . . . cutting oats on the edge of Dartmoor, Devon.



Here, too, time has not changed. Out on our half-holiday with the kid brother and our tiddlers' net on a warm, peaceful summer's day.



"Peep-bo ! Guess who's behind this, hubby !"
"If you wore that thing always, you'd be greatly improved, my dear."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"That's what I say about all women !"

